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Room Service



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Chapter 1 by Katniss Everdeen

We were lost in the middle of the night in car. We saw a sign for a motel so we thought that it was our only hope. We walked in and no one was there. Then I rang the bell in fear and a person came. He looked kind of ghost-like. We asked him for two rooms. One for me and my sister and the other for my mom and dad. Right before I fall asleep I look out and see a person in a mask, but then I look back and they're gone. I finally head to sleep, but I wake up to the sound of a scream. I ask my sister if she's ok and she nods her head. I tell her that I am going to go check on mom and dad. I walk out of the creaky door and on to the stained carpet. The moment I step out I hear more screaming. I follow the sound until I get to big metal door. I crack the door only to see the guy in the mask.

Chapter 2 by Julie



Should I open it or ignore it? I think it's better to open. Oh what if it's the Chinese takeout food, I ordered it about 20 minutes ago. I was so wrong next thing you know I'm in a sack.

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The floor beneath me eventually gave away from carpet to dirt and rocks that jabbed at me every drag of the sack. I tried to shift to get as comfortable as one can be in a sack, but my hair was caught through the opening of the bag I was in. The person dragging me across the...maybe a parking lot now? Held the opening closed in a vice grip, and thus my hair as well.

What felt like hours later, the floor beneath me started to feel smoother, though I couldn't tell what it was. I was dumped unceremoniously to the ground and I scrabbled at the bag to free myself. Nothing had kept the sack closed but the person's hands and a loose drawstring. I scrambled out of the sack and crawled out, hoping to run.

The floor made me pause.

The place around me was all woodland, although even here in the distance I could see the motel. But the floor was something like obsidian, impossibly black and smooth made in a perfect circle. It was the size of the motel bathroom.

Outside the circle the masked man waited, hands on his knees as he attempted to breathe through the mask. He was an heavysset man, potbelly curled over his belt in which his button up shirt was tucked into. His mask was a simple, rubbery Halloween mask that vaguely resembled something that might frighten a five year old.

He had dumped me as soon as I had entered the circle, the burlap sack spilling partway into it as he blocked me from the path to the hotel. My legs were still loosley in the sack, out of the circle.

The man finally caught his breath and stretched backwards. His back popped audibly.

"Oh, I'm getting too old for this," he muttered to himself before grabbing some nearby dirt and throwing it onto me and the obsidian floor. I sputtered and tried to shake the dirt off before I felt the hairs on the back of my neck stand on end. Something behind me...hissed, the sound of water hitting a hot stove, digging its way into my skin and my entire body became covered in goosebumps.

Barely pushing through the fear, I slowly turned my head around behind me, but there was nothing there. To the left of me, I saw a small, dark, shadowy figure placed on them.

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"Oh god no, no, no," the kid said, his face pale. "How did you get out, no she's there she's right there get HER!"

"You let the circle be broken." The voice was not human. It wasn't even animalistic. It was the scratch of nails on chalkboards, the fuzz of tv static turned too loud, the audible version of chewing on styrofoam. Something kicked at the sack I was dragged in, my legs finally free. I couldn't bring myself to look, could barely stop myself from putting my fingers in my ears like I did when I had a tantrum. "You no longer control me."

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